

COSTLY GARDENS A HOBBY.

MANY BRITISH COUNTRY SEATS NOTED FOR FLOWERS.

The amount of money that is spent each year in keeping of the culture of fruits and floral plants is astounding.

The sum of money annually spent on the maintenance of gardens in England is staggering.

Of course it will be understood that part of this expenditure is remunerative—that is to say, there is some return in the crops provided for home use; but this is, after all, only a small proportion of the whole, and in the case of many gardens (where hothouse fruits, for example, are grown) it is well recognized that the owner could more cheaply purchase his supplies at market, so that it may be fairly stated that the bulk of the vast sum mentioned below is spent in ministering to the pleasure of well-to-do people.

There are in England, Scotland and Wales no fewer than 10,000 places dignified with the title of "country seats." These are not small houses, but the residences of noblemen and gentlemen, many of whom keep large staffs of gardeners and laborers. It would be a low estimate to place the average cost of labor and cottage accommodation at each of these seats at \$25 a week—or, say, \$1,250 a year. This alone will amount to a sum of \$12,500,000.

The up-keep of the garden, the repair of glass houses, the purchase of manures, seeds and plants would, at a very moderate estimate, run to \$500 a year. The figure might be placed much higher, but at \$500 a year another \$5,000,000 is put together. This does not include capital expenditure, which in some gardens is very large. In some gardens forty, fifty or more glass houses may be found, and, omitting the cost of labor and of the gardens occupied, the actual money expenditure is very large. In the ten thousand country seats are not included the numerous suburban houses of some pretensions which encircle all the large towns, at each of which a gardener is employed with more or less regularity, and nothing is allowed for the expenditure of that vast army of followers of "the art which is nature" who do the work for themselves. If all these sums are put together the total spent by those who keep gardens, large and small, would not be found less than \$50,000,000 annually.

Which is the most expensive garden in England? It is not an easy question to answer. One instinctively turns to Chatsworth, whose fame is world wide; to the magnificent grounds of Trentham Hall, owned by the Duke of Sutherland; to the Marquis of Bute's gardens at Cardiff Castle, where open air grape growing has achieved some success after costly experiments; or to the neighboring seat of Lord Llangatock, at Monmouth. But if instead of "expensive garden" we were to deal with "the most expensive group of gardens" one would turn away from all of these and look toward the Buckinghamshire home of the Rothschilds. In a circle of a few miles around Mentmore—the lovely home of the versatile former Premier, Lord Rosebery, will be found some of the most magnificent gardens in the kingdom, managed by large staffs of men, and carried on with a disregard for money which is not surprising when one owns the Rothschilds. It is a fortunate thing for the horticultural trade and for gardening in general that nearly every member of this famous family has an intense love of flowers, and it is an open secret that no city rivalry could be keener than that which has swayed the Rothschilds in their country homes, each endeavoring to produce better results than the other, or, indeed, than any one else has attained.

Was there a striking group of hardy plants seen at a London show? Immediately steps would be taken to get a better one by the late Baron Ferdinand, who during his lifetime was as keen a gardener as any of his relatives. Are there any magnificent roses exhibited? Mr. Leopold de Rothschild does not hesitate to send his capable rosegrower any distance to see the garden where they were produced, in order to learn how to go one better. Are there new and splendid orchids imported? No one so ready to buy them as Lord Rothschild, at whose beautiful home at Tring Park there is a magnificent collection. Lately Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has been interested in carnations, and a large house has been built specially for these flowers alone. If the large sums given for rare and new orchids—\$500 for a plant being by no means an out-of-the-way price—is borne in mind and the cost of keeping is made the main test, it is probable that Lord Rothschild's garden and grounds at Tring would come first as the most expensive in England. The expense of the maintenance of such a place is enormous.

There are about forty of fifty gardeners and laborers constantly employed, and their wages alone would make a tolerable income for a city man—let us say \$12,500 a year. Then there are the repairs of houses and their modification, furnaces to be supplied with coal, water, which must be brought in ample quantities whenever store culture is attempted and is needed in all parts of the garden, and seeds to be purchased, to say nothing of plants. In regard to plants any trustworthy estimate is impossible, for the price may vary from a few pence to hundreds of pounds. Walls have to be built for fruit growing, nets bought to protect the tender buds in spring and to keep off the birds from newly sown ground, etc., and the tools and the hundred and one incidentals would help to swell the total.

The world's record for steamships is 560 miles a day, and for sailing vessels, 325 miles.

H. M. S. DIAMOND ROCK.

A Famous Spot in Martinique Which May Also Be Drowned.

On the southern coast of Martinique, separated from the mainland by a deep channel, lies a perilous, weather-beaten rock, known to the people of the West Indies as H. M. S. Diamond Rock. Whenever a British admiral approaches this famous spot the ensign is dipped and the band plays "Rule Britannia." The honor is well deserved, for Diamond Rock was once borne on the books of the British admiralty as an English sloop-of-war. In Charles Kingsley's book "At Last," the following history is given:

In the end of 1803 Sir Samuel Hood saw that French ships passing to Fort Royal Harbor in Martinique escaped him by running through the deep channel between Pointe du Diamant and this same rock, which rises sheer out of the water 600 feet and is about a mile round and only accessible at a point to the leeward, and even then only when there is no surf. He who lands, it is said, has then to creep through crannies and dangerous steeples around to the windward side, when the eye is suddenly relieved by a sloping grove of wild fig trees clinging by innumerable air roots to the cracks of the stone.

So Hood, with that inspiration of genius so common among sailors, laid his seventy-four, the Centaur, close alongside the Diamond, made a hawser with a traveller on it fast to the ship and to the top of the rock, and in January, 1804, got three long twenty-four and two eighteen hauled up far above his masthead by sailors, who as they hung like clusters, appeared like mice hauling a little sausage. Scarcely could we hear the governor on the top directing them with his trumpet; the Centaur lying close under, like a cocoanut shell, to which the hawsers are affixed.

In this strange fortress Lieut. James Wilkie Maurice (let the name be recollected as one of England's forgotten worthies) was established with 120 men and boys and ammunition, provisions and water for four months; and the rock was borne on the books of the admiralty as His Majesty's Ship Diamond Rock and swept the seas with her guns until the first of June, 1805, when she had to surrender, for want of powder, to a French squadron of two seventy-fours, a frigate, a corvette, a schooner and eleven gunboats, after killing and wounding some seventy men on the rock alone, and destroying two gunboats, with a loss to herself of two men killed and one wounded. Remembering which story, who will blame the traveler if he takes off his hat to his majesty's quondam corvette as he sees it for the first time—its pink and yellow sides shining in the sun above the sparkling seas over which it domineered of old?

Amid the ruin and desolation of Martinique H. M. S. Diamond Rock still stands as firm as ever, and perhaps its isolation will save it from destruction.

COUNTING A BOY'S WORDS.

Vocabulary of Children Greater Than Was Believed.

Max Muller in his "Science of Language" referred to English laborers who had not more than 300 words in their vocabulary. The correctness of this statement is disputed by the Popular Science Monthly. M. C. and H. Gale, of the University of Minnesota, having made a close study of the question, report that all such generalizations or estimates are misleading, and that the average child two and a half years old uses in one day from six to eight hundred different words.

It is not a burning question, and most people may not care how many words a child uses in a day, but Mrs. Gale did and she made an actual count of words used by a boy and a girl. The boy aged two and a half years, used 751 different words in a day and made a record for the day of 9,200 words. A girl of the same age used 620 different words in a day and made a record of 8,992 words for the day. Of the 751 words used by the boy, 360 were nouns, 139 verbs, 83 adjectives, 42 adverbs, 8 interjections, 27 pronouns, 21 prepositions and 14 articles and conjunctions, and of all the different words 64 per cent were used in the first five hours of the day. The full vocabulary of the boy was 1,432 and of the girl 1,308 words. Neither used in any one day all the words at his or her command. The boy used his own name 1,057 times in one day, while the girl used "I," "me" and "my" 970 times and the word "little" 660 times. One boy, two years old, used 10,507 words in one day.

The deductions from these facts are that a child is as active with its tongue as with its legs, that a child uses a larger proportion of verbs than the adult, that the "everlasting no" takes precedence of the submissive yes, that the child uses short words because of their serviceableness, but does not hesitate to grapple with and modify long, hard words, and invents words on impulse when its needs require. Observation shows that a child of 4 or 5 does not use as many words in a day as a child of 2, but there is no record of any one attempting to count the words of a boy of 8 who "wants to know."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Peddler's Impudence.

A rug peddler of Wichita, Kan., called several times at a house and found the people away from home. At last he wrote and pinned this note on the door: "Madam—Kindly remain at home tomorrow forenoon. I want to sell you a rug."

THE MAKING OF POTTERY.

CURIOUS METHODS USED IN BACKWOODS "JUG FACTORIES."

The Old-Time Potter's Wheel, of the Time of Moses, May Still Be Found in Some Parts of the Southern States—The Firing Process.

Among the arts and crafts known to man there is probably none older than the making of pottery of some sort. Fragments of rude pottery are found among the remains of prehistoric man everywhere and some of them appear to have been made by machinery, other than the hands alone.

The old-time potter's wheel, of the time of Moses, may still be found in use in some parts of the Southern States, notably in the middle counties of North Carolina.

To any one accustomed to large manufacturing, with special machines for turning out certain articles rapidly and cheaply, the hand-made methods of a hundred years ago would be curious and interesting.

A visit to one of the backwoods "jug factories," where the primitive potter's wheel, run by foot power, is still in use, would suggest to the modern mechanic that the wheel of time had slipped a cog and that that part of the world had gone back several centuries. When a boy, the writer was told that the molasses and vinegar jugs were made by plastering a layer of clay over a coil of rope which was afterward removed by uncoiling and withdrawing it through the mouth of the jug. Such a method would, of course, be impracticable.

The jug maker at one of these rude "factories" is frequently a small farmer, who devotes his spare time to the pottery business. Using the clay from his own farm, he employs no help, doing everything with his own hands, and cares nothing for strikes, freight rates or labor agitators. The product of his wheel is sold for so much per gallon in his immediate vicinity, or the country towns where he takes it for sale in his own wagon.

Under a rude shed the potter sits astride a rough bench while he revolves the wheel with one foot. To make the seat more comfortable he often uses an old saddle to sit upon. In front of him is a horizontal wheel or disk of heavy boards, revolving in a shallow box of wood. The wheel is carried on the upper end of an upright shaft with a heavier wheel on the same shaft, but near the ground. The lower wheel serves only to keep up a steady motion imparted to it by the movement or sideways twist of his foot on the swinging foot lever.

The foot power is simplicity itself. The foot lever is a stick or rod of wood with a pivot or peg at its outer end, while the end next to the operator is suspended to the bench by a piece of rope or chain. A short piece of wood connects the crank in the vertical shaft to the foot lever, and the side-way movement of the lever keeps the wheel in motion.

Having previously tempered his clay pit, he divides it into lumps of the proper weight for a jug of a certain size. One of these plastic lumps is placed on the center of the revolving disk and the potter proceeds to give it form and shape, mainly by the manipulation of his hands alone. It is interesting to watch the soft clay grow into symmetrical shape under the simple manipulations of the potter's fingers, sometimes assisted by some simple tool of wood or bone.

The first step in shaping a jug is by inserting one or two fingers of one hand into the center of the revolving lump, while the other hand is used to press on the outside. This produces a hole in the clay, which may be as wide as necessary, by simply moving the fingers to one side of the center. The clay now assumes the shape of a thick ring and is made thinner and drawn upward to form the side walls of the jug, by simply raising both hands at the same time, pulling the clay up between them. At this stage the article has assumed the form of a cylinder or wide-mouth jar, which a few touches at the brim will complete. To make the cylinder into a regulation jug the upper rim is forced or bent inward with the hands, into the form of a dome, while the neck and lip are shaped with one finger inside the orifice and a stick on the outside.

The revolving mass of soft material responds readily to every touch of the fingers, bending this way or that, but the speed of the wheel must be comparatively slow; otherwise the centrifugal force would throw the walls outward and spoil the shape. If the jug is to have a handle, it is molded separately with the hands, bent into shape and the ends pressed into good contact with the moist jug. At the bottom, the jug is still stuck fast to the center of the wheel, but may be lifted off after drawing a fine wire under it.

After being properly dried, our farmer-potter proceeds to bake his pottery inside a long arch of brickwork. This arch has a chimney at one end and the fuel, which is wood, is fed into the other. In the arch, or oven, at intervals, there are loose bricks which may be removed during the firing, and common salt is thrown through these openings to produce a glaze on the surface of the ware. Some skill or experience is necessary to conduct the firing properly, or the pottery will be spoiled.

Though often ungraceful in shape, this pottery is still in common use wherever the distance from trade centers makes freight rates too dear on such bulky and heavy articles.—Scientific American.

The Department of Agriculture declared that a diet of grain is far more healthful than one of meat. It is difficult, however, to accept the raise in prices as a blessing in disguise.

CITY SPANKS 'EM.

Hoosier Capital's Juvenile Court a Scene of Small Domestic Tragedies.

"Now, swat him!"
"You mean, go at him wid de whip?"
"Yes; go it."

And the whip falls and falls again, while the boy yells and yells again. These little one-act dramas are enacted weekly at the police station, only that the above dialogue is not all that takes place. The first scene transpires upon the third floor of the police station building on Friday afternoon, when Judge Stubbs holds his juvenile court.

Snickering, snuffling boys in a row face him and listen as the policeman tell how bad they are, while their parents land them to the skies. Judge Stubbs patiently takes it all in, and then makes his disposition of the case. And it happens almost every Friday that among that lot of boys is one boy that needs a licking. So when the Judge tells them to take such a boy into the basement and give him a flogging, that boy goes along with a great big policeman and the boy's parents and the flogging follows.

It's the one place where boys get whippings that they remember. If the policeman is a good hand at the business, he has learned not to be too tender hearted. It's up to him to say when the lad has had enough, and he never says it until he thinks that there is a sound of repentance in the cries of anguished anguish from the boy.

Once in a while a parent feels sorry and lands easily with the rod.

"Swat him harder," says the officer.

"Harder than that" asks the fond parent.

"Yes, make him feel it."

And on goes the switch with renewed vigor until finally the job is completed. Fond parent cries, and says that the whipping really hurts fond parent more than it does the offspring, and offspring wipes away the tears with one hand and feels the seat of the disturbance with the other.

"Now, Bobby, don't hurt father and mother any more. Be a nice boy."

Bobby does nothing but continue the two hand operation already spoken of.

A colored woman, of the stout—extra stout, in fact—type, had one of these whippings to administer a few weeks ago, and she did it in the right kind of style. The boy was a little colored fellow, as interesting as he was black, and the woman looked like she was equal to the task of several whippings. When they reached the basement and the policeman told her to begin, she said:

"Boy, take off your pants." Which the boy did.

"Now, lean down over that chair."

At this point the whimpering of the boy began, and his cries didn't cease until he was ready to leave the police station. The mother was determined to give him something to remember and the policeman was there to see that she did it right. When finally it seemed that the boy had about all he could stand the trio started upstairs, where the policeman winked at a friend and said:

"I'll bet that boy doesn't sit down for several days."—Indianapolis Sun.

Dangers of the Bath.

Brevity is commendable, but in the enunciation of great truths it is possible to stop just short of completeness of statement which leaves the seeker after information at a loss to know how to apply such knowledge after the manner in which our Puritan ancestors applied all Scripture—"By way of improvement." For example, the London Lancet starts the world with the following announcement: "Too much bathing is harmful, as it tends to maceration of the superficial part of the epidermis, which is too frequently removed, and occasions probably too rapid a proliferation of the cells of the malpighian layer." But what is too much and how shall the man who seeks to regulate his life by the teachings of science know when the superficial part of his epidermis is macerated and when the proliferation of the cells of the malpighian layer is too rapid? No right-minded person would want these things to happen in his own case, and to the individual to whom bathing is perfunctory and who feels a greater sympathy than he would be willing to express for the little girl who objected to her morning ablutions in winter on the ground that she had "rather be warm and dirty than clean and cold," maceration of the epidermic superficies and a galloping proliferation of the malpighian cells would be symptoms to be looked for as the result of bathing oftener than, say, once a week. Hence the information of the Lancet, while shocking, is not likely to be revolutionary of individual habits.—New York Times.

A Mouse Indicator.

"Did you ever hear of a mouse indicator?" asked a prominent official of the Navy Department. "No? Well, such indicators have been used in the navy, and in their way they were very valuable. When the navy first began experimenting with submarine boats it became necessary to devise means to protect the men who went down into the interior of the boats from the strong gases. Finally a naval officer hit upon the plan of placing a mouse in a cage and having the men who went below keep the cage close by. We reckoned the respective strength of man and mouse, and when the escaping gases had overpowered the little creature the men would know it was about time to ascend."—Washington Star.

HE LANDED ON BOTH FEET.

Remarkable Change of Fortune in Samuel M. Bryan's Life.

One day in the early part of 1870 a young man named Samuel M. Bryan, a clerk in the Postoffice Department at Washington, received notice that his services were no longer needed. Incompetency was the reason given for his dismissal. When he looked over his stock in trade he found that it consisted of something less than \$100 in money and a great idea. A few days later he started West. After many vicissitudes he reached San Francisco, where he secured employment as purser on a steamship bound for Japan, and in due time found himself in Tokio.

Once in Japan's great city he at once proceeded to put his great idea into execution. What he proposed was to perfect and put into operation in Japan a postal system modeled after that of the United States. Bryan found willing listeners among the high Japanese officials, and in due time was requested to prepare a prospectus of his postal system to be submitted to the Emperor. Its value was at once recognized, and it was ordered to be put into effect. Bryan was placed at the head of the new department, with a salary of \$11,000 a year, and intrusted with the negotiation of a postal treaty between Japan and the United States.

A few months later he was back in Washington as the envoy of the Japanese government, treating on equal terms with the man who had dismissed him from his clerkship for incompetency. The treaty, which he negotiated with skill and diplomacy, proved entirely satisfactory to all concerned.

Bryan remained in the service of the Japanese Government for some fifteen years. He then returned to the United States a rich man, and now lives in one of the finest residences in Washington. He is still a young man and has years enough before him to develop half a dozen more great ideas, but it is interesting to conjecture what his career might have been had he not lost his place in the postoffice department.—New York Daily News.

How to Pronounce Cologne.

The German city which we know by its French name, Cologne, is in a state of great excitement over the orthography of its German name. Should it be spelled with a K or a C—"Koeln" or "Coeln?"

The municipal authorities recently concluded that it was high time to settle the matter. In their own opinion Koeln is the proper form, historically correct and in accordance with the "genius of the language." They determined, however, to refer the matter to the general government, and this agreed with them. So far all was harmony and peace.

But when it came to confirming the unanimous decision by an imperial edict the imperial will had to be reckoned with and the Imperial William prefers the spelling "Coeln." The Cologne defended their favorite "K" and formed a court of inquiry, composed of historians and philologists, who reported in favor of it. They admitted that the name originated in that of the Colonia Claudia Agrippensis Ubiorum, founded by Claudius A. D. 50, but they contended that the introduction of the e, or u, fault, would modify the pronunciation so that if the name were spelled Coeln it ought to be pronounced Zoeln instead of Koeln, as everybody does pronounce it. (In German, c before e, i and o is pronounced like z.)

A Question of Diet.

Emil Zola, or one of the novelist's advocates, has stated that round the stomach and its functions gathers half the importance and interest of life. With the correctness of the conclusions that the realist school draw from this we have nothing to do, but there is certainly something to be said for the premiss. A lady married to a German husband sought a separation on the ground that he neglected to provide suitable maintenance for her and the children. It appeared that he used to buy dogs' meat at 2d a pound, and receive from Germany salted herrings, green cheese, and black bread; and to give the green cheese and black bread a relish this German spouse made a special preparation of goose fat to serve as butter. The lady did not get her separation, and we can only hope that she and her husband may come to some arrangement about the characteristics of suitable food. There was no other cause of disagreement between them, and we can only repeat the time-honored advice of "Feed the brute." Surely a husband fed on green cheese, black bread, and goose fat would become amenable to reason?—Pall Mall Gazette.

For the Use of Authors.

On account of so many young persons now attempting to write notable fiction that will run into the 100th million, and the paper they are musing in their strenuous paper chase of glory, a new mammoth paper mill is being started, backed by the publishers of notable fiction. This paper company makes a specialty of authors' material, all MSS. of notable fiction must bear the proper watermark, and all MSS. will be encouragingly declined by a personal note from the publishers.—New York Sun.

The Shortest Will.

"Everything I have I give to my wife." These words constitute the last will and testament of a Brooklyn man who died recently. It is said to be one of the briefest wills ever recorded.—Manchester Union.



Pinesse.

A somewhat little girl,
Had a very little curl,
But it's nothing more than just to her to state
That she divers measures took,
Whereby she made it look,
To casual inspection, something great.
—Puck.

The Land of His Birth.

Higgins—"So you are proud of the land of your birth, eh? What did it ever do to be proud of?"
Wiggins—"Wasn't I born there?"—Boston Transcript.

Two Views.



Annt—"Tommy, why do you always bring little Mabel when I play the piano? She always screams so that I have to stop."
Tommy—"Yes, I know. Pa gives me a nickel to bring her."—New York Journal.

The Genuine Article.

"Is he a real nobleman?"
"Oh, beyond question. If you will notice how stupid he is, you will see that there is no possibility of a mistake."—Chicago Post.

An Exceptional Opportunity.

"She complains that her husband won't listen to reason."
"He ought to be ashamed of himself! It isn't every married man that has a chance!"—Puck.

Perhaps It Was.

Mrs. Richmond—"What lovely antique furniture!"
Mrs. Bronxborough—"Yes, and do you know, we got it almost as cheap as if it had been new."—Judge.

Just the Word.

Youngwed (on bridal tour)—"I would like rooms for myself and wife."
Hotel Clerk—"Suite, I suppose?"
Youngwed—"That's what. She's the sweetest thing that ever happened."—Chicago News.

It Was Gone, Anyhow.

Bacon—"A man can't take any money with him when he dies."
Egbert—"Oh, I don't know. I had a friend who owed me \$10 die last week. I guess he's taken that with him all right."—Yonkers Statesman.

The New Literature.

Author—"I believe I will write an animal book."
Wife—"But you don't know anything about animals."
"No. But I know something about human nature."—New York Sun.

Alas! He Was.

She—"You tell me you never was in love before? Can you look me in the face and say that?"
He—"When I look you in the face, darling, I forget that there ever was another woman in the world."—Boston Transcript.

Just That.

Old-Fashioned Grandmother—"Now, Rhoda, you know you wear that towering hat with all those feathers on it just to attract attention."
Up-to-Date Descendant—"Why, grandmother, that's what they built the Parthenon for."—Chicago Tribune.

His Impression.

"I have often wondered what I would do if I should find a burglar in the house," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "I don't think I'd faint."
"No," answered Leonidas, "I am sure your presence of mind would not desert you. And if you can remember some of those talks you rehearse to me, I don't know what mightn't happen to the burglar."—Washington Star.

The Diet of Worms.



Where Papa Came In.
"Whom do you love best?" asked a visitor of my sister Lillian, three and a half years old.
"Mamma," said the little one. "God next, and then my sisters and brothers."
Noticing that she said nothing about her father, the visitor said:
"Why, Lillian, I am surprised at you! Where does your papa come in?"
Lillian raised her large eyes and innocently answered:
"Papa—why, papa comes in through the door."—Little Chronicle.